

HOTPIES

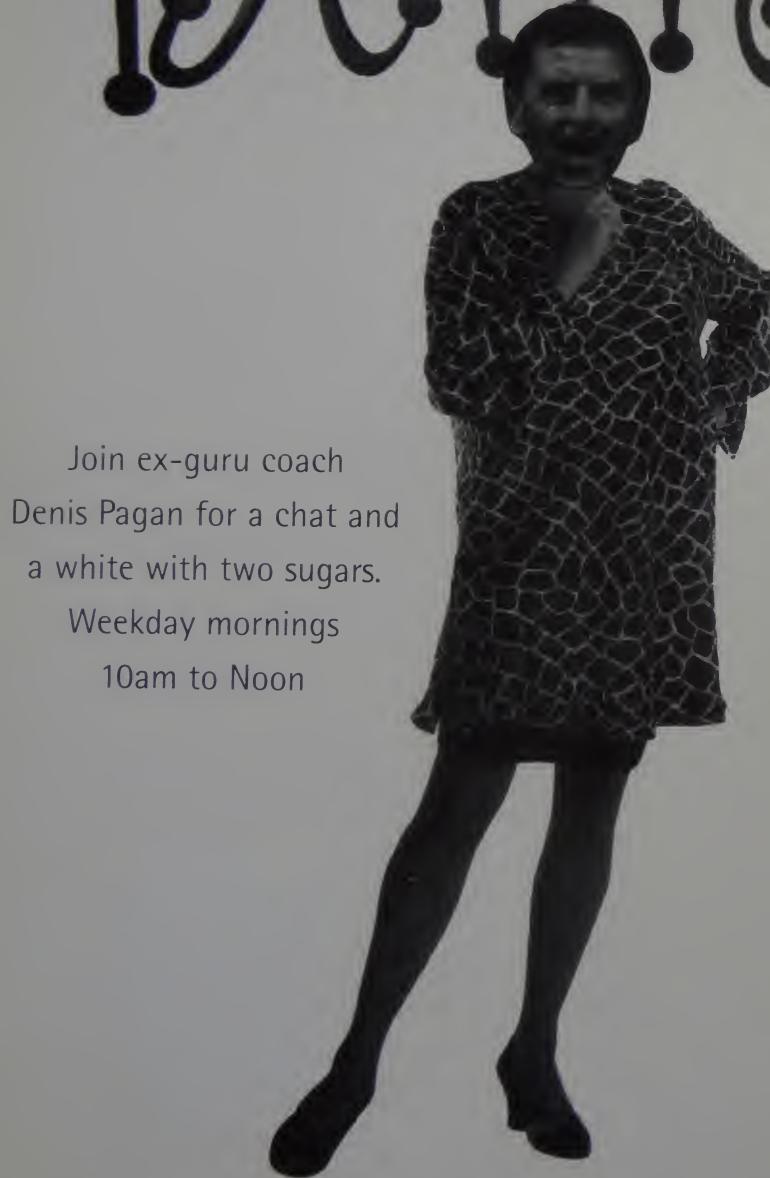
THE UNOFFICIAL COLLINGWOOD FANZINE

DAMIEN ADKINS



THE KID CAN PLAY!

Denis



Join ex-guru coach
Denis Pagan for a chat and
a white with two sugars.

Weekday mornings
10am to Noon

Channel 8

8

Still the one
to watch

contents

Hot Pies

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email: hotpies@vicnet.net.au
\$12.50 for 5 editions

Distribution enquiries

If you'd like to sell Hot Pies to your
customers or your friends simply email us.
If you'd like a job selling before a game
there's free subscriptions, commission and
contra on offer (max 2 hrs).

Advertising rates on application.
Make cheques payable to Ben McAuliffe.
Hot Pies is an Unofficial Football Press
publication and is published monthly during the
football season. © Hot Pies April 2000

Disclaimer

Hot Pies is a satirical fanzine
inspired by a love of football
and Collingwood. We make up stuff and spout our
two-bob opinions in an attempt to amuse ourselves
and other like-minded football supporters. Very little
of what we say is factual. Hot Pies is not bound by
imposed standards of good taste or sportsmanship.
Hot Pies is not suitable for those who are easily
offended or hard to amuse. It's all about footy, not
taking yourself too seriously and having a laugh.
The fellas down at Lulie Street have no
involvement whatsoever in the production of Hot
Pies (but we suspect they secretly like it).

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TOUR OF DUTY

The Magpie marketing department is still beaming over their Royal Coup during the Queen's recent visit. In keeping with the incredibly successful campaign of presenting touring celebrities with Collingwood jumpers and honorary memberships,

our boys caught the second biggest fish of them all, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. The Queen (pictured above) was presented with a Collingwood jumper and honorary membership

at the Extreme Black and White Gala Ball. Not to be outdone, the marketing department is launching itself for the biggest fish of them all. Negotiations with the Vatican are continuing in the hope of slinging Pope John Paul II a number 35 when he tours later this year.



RUMOUR MILL

It's back to the gutter, or should we say kitchen for this month's **Rumour Mill**. It seems the AFL's attempts to clean up the game will strike a hurdle

in the Collingwood midfield. Hot Pies have discovered a 'Splosher' on the payroll. For the uninitiated 'Sploshing' is the practice of smearing food stuffs over the naked form in the pursuit of pleasure. No names at this stage but it's not a case of 'lock up your daughters', rather 'lock up your cheesecakes'.



HOT PIES

THE AIR UP THERE

The AFL and Docklands management have been embarrassed by a new stuff-up at the state-of-the-art stadium. It appears that there has been a miscalculation surrounding the controversial roof at Docklands. St. Kilda officials claim that when the roof is closed it cuts off the required air supply to their players. According to the



Original roof designs for Docklands allowed for a greater flow of air.

Kilda and Bulldogs players choking in tight situations. Colonial angrily defend these claims pointing out that second half fade outs and choking in tight situations were occurring to both these teams well before the roof was tacked on.



PLUGGER NUTS

The Coventry-Lockett Trophy was the source of a legal tangle well before it got off the ground. Originally the trophy was to be named the 'Plugger-Nuts Cup'. However confusion developed between this name and a leading brand of disciplinary undergarments. The name change to the 'Coventry-Lockett Cup' was a compromise designed to avoid any embarrassment and confusion amongst Sydney supporters.

SIX THOUSAND DOLLAR MAN

Cutting edge medical technology is offering Lee Walker one last chance to resurrect his football career. The recently delisted Walker underwent thirty-three knee operations in his three years at Collingwood. However a solution may be in sight. Walker is set to trial the first pig to human knee transplant. Due to unresolved ethical issues the procedure can only be performed in Peru. Walker is expected to subsidise the huge costs for this

experimental surgery by selling one of his kidneys on the thriving South American body part market.

THE COLLO

As part of the mourning process surrounding the departure of Ian Collins from League Headquarters it seems the AFL are going to create an award in honour of the great administrator. To be called "The Ian Collins Award", it shall be given to the most righteous and hated personality in football.

To be decided by a panel of faceless insiders it will form a part of the Grand Final week celebrations. Early favourites for the prize include, Ian Collins, Graeme Samuel and Wayne Jackson.



CROWD ATTENDANCES UP IN SMOKE

Market researchers, exit polls, trend analysis and highly paid executives and none of 'em have a clue about what they've done to our game. I can't believe the goons at the top can't figure out what's going on.

There's no magic spell, no hidden formula's or secret mumbo jumbo here boys. The answers are simple, give the people what they want and you'll put bums on seats.

Lets have a look at some recent decisions as a snapshot of what I'm talking about.

Issue: Curtain raisers

People like them and they help to even out congestion prior to bounces down.

Response:

Nah, lets scale them down.

Issue: Smoking at the footy

Mmm well over 50 % of the footy audience are smokers and it's basically just a comfort issue for the other 50% as there's absolutely no real chance of a passive smoking claim getting up and smokers will accept total segregation.

Response:

Ban it.

Issue: Biffo

Everyone loves it. It gets the heart pumping and the juices flowing. It evokes strong emotions and engenders great passion and involvement in the thrill of the battle. OK, so it might put few 'mumsie wumsies' off letting their little Jordans or Tylers from playing footy, maybe.

Response:

Ban it.

These are just three examples of how tinkering with a culture alienates some and disenfranchises many. I'm sick of hearing how we as a football public need to be educated or re-educated or whatever.

We the football public have demonstrated our flexibility enough already, now it's time for these marketing gurus to revisit the first principle of marketing, give the people what they want.

HOT PIES



The Mad Mick

Turning finger pointing into an artform.

SAY IT AINT SO, EDDIE

YOURS TRULY spat the cornflakes clear across the room when I read this little titbit on the Pies Internet deal in the *Currrant Bun* (24/3/00).

"McGuire was not involved in the Internet negotiations with Sportsview, leaving John Elliot to act on both clubs' behalf"

John Elliot as in the Carlton President, negotiating on behalf of Collingwood.

Close your ears kiddies but what the f**k is going on Eddie?

This is the deal.

- Eddie owns a chunk of Sportsview.
- Collingwood signed up with Sportsview for 10 years.
- Eddie wanted to avoid a conflict of interest so he stood aside for someone else to do the deal on behalf of the Pies.

Sound corporate governance so far . . . except Eddie passed the baton to the Carlton President.

We must have missed that one at the AGM.

We know the Board can appoint anyone onto the board without a vote – Eddie sweet-talked the pensioner-based social club into that one nicely.

But not even the most hardened conspiracy theorists believed it would come to this

Are we to believe there was no one else on the new "Only the Best for Collingwood" Board capable of stepping into Eddie's shoes?

Not even our new world class CEO? Not even a trusted Club member? Nope.

Lets get the President of our fiercest rival to go into bat for us.

Now Eddie, we all appreciate you telling Uncle Wayne how honest the AFL should be, how transparent they should be

If might just be time you got that full length mirror out and gave your own members the same transparency To delegate this power is simply beyond your mandate

Say it ain't so Eddie, say it ain't so,

LAME-O & THE WOODS

I'm rapt to see our young team running around full of enthusiasm. Watching the young players develop has made our team a lot more attractive to watch. It's created a real buzz around the place.

It's a pity the Pies haven't applied a youth strategy to our membership advertising. I thought we were going to be spared the annual cringe-fest until the new ads hit the screens, strangely in Round Two.

In case you haven't seen them we have Karen Maloney (47) and Frank Pumba (78) reminiscing about how much they love the Pies. OK it's slightly better than Daics' awkward where's-the-camera effort of 2 years ago but be honest – it's a bit of a yawn. Karen and Frank will attract people like, well Karen and Frank. A quick comparison of the crowd at any Collingwood v Essendon match clearly shows we've got an ageing supporter base. A couple of beers in the social club can confirm it.

The Pies should be appealing to the next generation of supporters.

Karen grew up through a period when we were perennial finalists, Frank more so.

Meanwhile little Johnny aged 12 has lived through 8 years of no finals and a wooden spoon. Not much to brag about in the schoolyard is it?

Nothing talks like success on the field but a little bit of positive marketing never hurt.

TO CAP IT OFF

The new membership caps look great and made for an impressive sight at the Carlton game. Seeing 30,000 fans in magpie caps was an imposing spectacle. It also gave the fans a great sense of belonging.

I can see the value members will place in future years on having a full set of membership caps from season 2000 to 2020.

magpie vox pop

Hot Pies went out on a leisurely Sunday morning and asked supporters the burning question:

Is watching Collingwood win better than having sex?



"Do you mean like regular sex or the hard core group stuff?"
Sal, Barcelona



"Definitely sex. But only because Linda is such a special lady."
P.H., Byron Bay



"The two are inextricably linked. I had sex four times last year, if you know what I mean."
Damien Atkins' uncle



"As long as Rupert Betheras is involved, I'm happy."
Blonde chick



"It's hard but no matter what the feathers are sure to fly."
Bloke in the bird-suit

As we sink our teeth firmly into this year's season, it is of no surprise that we find ourselves in our current position. Whilst it still feels strange to hear the words 'good teams' and 'Collingwood' in the same sentence, the fact that we are a football powerhouse was to be expected.

You heard about it over and over last year. A team of kids. A team with pride. The best picks in the draft. A new coach. Combined with recent precedents of teams going from whoopin' boys to winners are all factors pointing to where we are now, and where we are headed.

This is why I am still bemused to hear so many so-called 'experts' excrete surprise over our form.

Of course hindsight is 20/20, and it's easy to say 'I told you so'. This is why I'm taking this opportunity to go on the record with a final prediction for season 2000. Collingwood will make the Grand Final. Now with that said and down it's back to keeping a lid on things.

To prepare us for what lay ahead we must separate ourselves from the emotional scarring left-over from last year's wooden spoon. The method I find most therapeutic in exorcising the ghosts of the past involves attending every game and giving as much shit as humanly possible (or as the Red Coats will allow) to all opposition players and supporters.

This is the time we have long dreamed about. We have suffered years of torturous listless agony in the hope that our time shall come.

That time is now. There can be perhaps no better time in a supporters life than to be a part of the transition from wooden spooner to football powerhouse juggernaut.

Make sure you cherish your memories of the here and now because I have a feeling that this year is going to be, . . . um, . . . ah, . . . special.

Eddietorial

letters



Guys,
Can't resist sending a note tonite after one of the greatest days in the history of the AFL and one of the most defining days for the future of football. Good triumphs over evil – Maxwell Smart would love it. A thumping by the Mighty Pies over those arrogant, loud mouthed, silver tail, wankers Carlton. To see those sucks filing out of the ground from midway through the third quarter onwards was fantastic. To hear the 75% pro Collingwood crowd make such noise, before, during and after the game was sensational. The stands doing the Collingwood chant and singing the song was music to everyone's ears. And all this without Neon Leon/Leon the Watch King. Another fantastic edition, the first for the year. Keep up the good work.
Regards,

Ramon Dobb
Email, Melbourne

Dear Hot Pies,
Whilst a lot of changes have been rung in at the club, with only sixteen of the former staff of 61 remaining under the new coach, what specifically is being done to address the off-field culture of the club? I specifically refer to the support, management and admin staff. I would be interested to know what development they are getting, and in what form. My six year-old son (already in black and white) has already

started talking about the games he wants to go and see. Roll on Season 2000 and "C'arn the Pies"

Peter Keith
Email, Melbourne

Dear Hot Pies,
I am a keen Pie fan, and since the 1999/2000 draft, I have been wondering why Collingwood chose, as their 2nd pick and No. 7 overall Danny Roach from the Tassie Whatevers. He was not listed in anyone's top 20, he didn't win their B&F etc. I'm not bagging the kid; I hope he wins 8 copelands and 7 premierships. I just want someone to tell me what Collingwood saw in him that no one else did. Thanks.

Colin Tegg
Email, Sydney

G'day,
just a short question, why did collingwood move to the MCG? What was so bad about Vic. Park. I know it was getting old, but its tradition!!

Mick the Magpie (Western Suburbs)
Mick the Magpie
Email, Western Suburbs

Dear Hot Pies,
I've been a reader of your magazine for some time and whilst I enjoy most of your magazine I am often offended by your treatment of Michael Gayfer. He might not be a sex symbol, but if beauty was

determined beneath the surface he would be cuter than Brad Pitt. If you bothered to sample a cross-section of Collingwood supporters I'm sure they would back me up. Micky is like a son to me and most of the 'third floor' girls agree with me. He is decent, caring and loyal. He is a pleasure to be with and around. Lay off him.

Beryl Fidgeon
Pascoe Vale South

Hot Pies,
10 Reasons why the MCG shits on the Docklands
1) Essendon are at the Docklands
2) At least the MCG has never been sullied by a Barbara Streisand concert
3) Football is played at the 'G the way God intended
4) If you are 'silly' enough to be a member of the public, you stand a chance of being allowed into the MCG

5) There is very little risk of Ross Oakley's frightening head appearing in TV ads promoting the MCG
6) The MCG will always have more character than the Tennis Centre on steroids ever will

7) So many fantastic memories at the MCG for all Collingwood supporters, and lets face it, were only likely to have disappointing memories from the Docklands for at least a few seasons
8) While the MCG is set in lovely parklands on the happier side of the city, the Docklands

is set in the middle of an industrial wasteland surrounded by failed 'precincts' and heavily polluted artificial harbours

9) The MCG doesn't cop the left-over games from Optus Oval

10) I don't care if it was used in the filming of Romper Stomper, I'd still rather travel to Richmond Station than Spencer Street

Murray
Moonee valley

Dear Hot Pies
What do you think about moving the goals at the MCG, the new Vic Park, so that they are in front of the members stand. This way when goals are kicked at that end, it will look like it did when goals were kicked at Vic Park. This was truly a sight to behold and I think that footy has suffered from the removal of this feature of the game.



Demolishing the Southern Stand and replacing it with a gravel terrace is another option. At the very least a net over the Ponsford Stand would make me feel more at home. Could you conduct a readers survey to see what

improvements Magpie fans would like to see at our new home? This would include cans, smoking, peanuts, half time announcements about what the ladies auxiliary is up to and Daicos. Also, who should I barrack for when Collingwood reserves play Port Melbourne this weekend in the VFL?

Thanks for the mag.

Michael Hobbs
Email

Dear Hot Pies,
Good to see Hot Pies is getting some media publicity (Mongrel Punt and Coadabeen Champions). This letter is a follow up to the one I wrote last year regarding footballers

after hour activities. Last year I saw two Collingwood footballers playing video games in an arcade on a Thursday night after training. This time I saw the great man Nathan Buckley hob knobbing it at the Barbra Streisand concert at Colonial Stadium (I work there – I thought I'd better clarify that). Ever since that King Street nightclub ban a few years ago by Shawry, the players haven't been the same and I would venture to say that this ban along with the closure of the Tunnel has cost Collingwood finals berths.

Hopefully Mick has extinguished this nightclub ban (judging by the first round he has) and the Pies can hop off the wagon after a good win, and be up there in 2000.

Regards,
Traditionalist
Glen Waverley

Subscriber comp winner

Daniel Taft of East Hawthorn is the lucky bastard who scored a copy of *Collingwood at Victoria Park*. All because he subscribes to this brilliant magazine. If you take out a subscription (or renew your old one) before Friday, March 31 you automatically go into the draw to win whatever free stuff we can con corporate Australia into giving us.

This is not Daniel Taft



The Omen

Damien Adkins is playing like a man possessed

Hidden from public view in the reserves all last year, Damien Adkins has burst onto the football scene.

The most exciting recruit since Leon Davis, he is set to continue the fine tradition of magnificent Magpie midgets. Hot Pies travelled to Timezone to find out what it's like to be a teenage football prodigy – it's a shame he wasn't there.

Hot Pies:

Master Adkins, or can I call you Damien? It's refreshing to talk to a player without secrets, lies or controversy surrounding them.

Damien:

Are you having a go at me for changing my name, and please call me Master Adkins.

HP: I'm sorry Master Adkins, I didn't know you changed your name.

DA: Yeah my name used to be Damien Bates, but everyone used to call me Master Bates, so I changed it to Adkins. Come to think of it you can drop the Master and just call me Damien.

HP: O.K. Damien, how are you handling your sudden fame.

DA: It's got its good points and bad. I gets lots of stuff for free now, but the footy groupies who stalk me are a bit of a worry.



HP: Who are these football groupie stalkers?

DA: The Police have warned me that Brad Rowe's old fan club have become active again. They've told me not to have sex with anyone or I could get trapped into a paternity suit.

HP: Are you finding that difficult or awkward?

DA: Oh not really, I'm kind of geekie with girls anyway, after all I am a teenage virgin from the country remember.

HP: Mick Mathouse has shown a lot of faith in you, what did he say to you at the start of the season.

DA: We sat down and he told me they were getting rid of Clinton King. He said there would be a spot for an anorexic midfielder. If I could lose the weight he promised me the spot was mine.

HP: I thought size and strength were assets for footballers, why did he want you to be so skinny.

DA: Mick's got this theory about playing on

opposition weaknesses. He told me the younger and skinnier I looked the more pity and compassion the opposition would have. You know what he's like, 'There's no room for compassion in footy', 'The merciful are the weak' blah... blah... blah... It's a great strategy. All I had to do is lose 10kg and get these stupid braces.

HP: You sure can play and have plenty of pace, was there anything exceptional about your upbringing?

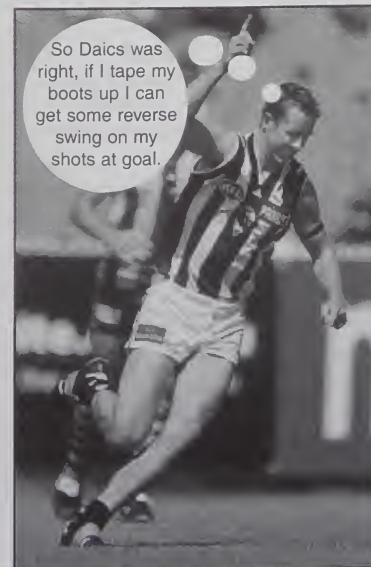
DA: Growing up in the country and going to a Catholic Boys school really helped, especially in the running department. Believe me there was a lot of incentive to run as fast as you could when the Brothers were around.

HP: How have you fitted in with the rest of the team?

DA: It's been really smooth because there are so many people here who are around the same age, we share so many interests.

HP: What do you and the rest of the guys do in your spare time?

DA: Oh you know the usual kind of stuff that angst ridden teenagers from the country get up to. Break street lights with sling shots, hang out the front of the local 7-11 on our BMX's, surf the web looking for the best porn sites, pick fights on trains and



wear ridiculously baggy pants. Usual kid stuff really.

HP: It must take a lot of guts to put your body on the line in senior footy. Surely you must get scared from time to time.

DA: That was a problem, but luckily Scott Burns put me on to "The Footsteps Collection" and whilst fear may have a smell, I can remain dry and confident all game long.

HP: I know it may be a bit premature but have you given any thought to your long term plans?

DA: Yeah my management have already mapped out a ten year plan for me. For the first couple of years I'll play really good footy. Then in my early twenties I'll become obsessed with putting on muscle and continually breakdown with hamstring trouble. Then in my early thirties I'll play a rejuvenated brand of footy just prior to being de-listed.

HP: Well you certainly are playing an exciting brand of football now and you seem to have great maturity and coolness out on the field, what do you attribute that to.

DA: I'm sorry but I can't keep this to myself any longer. I've got to tell somebody, but you have to promise to keep this to yourself.

HP: Yeah sure Damien, what's the problem.

DA: The truth is I'm not really an 18 year old from the country, I'm 23 years old and have been playing under an alias in the Goulburn Valley for the past ten years. It was all Judkins idea. He kept me hidden up there on \$120 000 a year and wouldn't bring me down until we were ready to have a shot at the flag. You know the ambush fist year gun recruit routine. It worked for him in 93 with the Bombers, so he's trying it again here with the Pies.

Well whatever and whoever you are, congratulations on a great start to the season and keep up the good work Damien.



Hot Pies is back

And there's plenty more to come

You don't have to scour back alleys or hidden corners of the MCG carpark to get Collingwood's hottest fanzine. Simply fill in the form below and for only \$12.50 you will get five editions of Hot Pies hot off the press and delivered monthly straight to your door.

Hey! Don't forget to enclose a cheque or money order (or slip some cash in an old Christmas card) and send to the address below.

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ISSUE 1



ISSUE 2



ISSUE 3



ISSUE 4



ISSUE 5

It's starting to smell like teen spirit again Rebuilding Nirvana

I've found nirvana and this is what it looks like:

- MCG
- Sunny afternoon
- Late March
- Five minutes before half-time
- Hapless Blues
- Hot Pies
- Nine goal lead
- Flat CUB piss in a plastic cup that never tasted so sweet.

As this magical scenario fell into place, someone on the radio read my thoughts: "These Pies are Premiership material," shouted the commentator. In the excitement of the moment, I couldn't even make out who said it or what station I was tuned to.

I don't care that the commentator said it with equal amounts of sarcasm, surprise and genuine belief. The proof was there before my eyes.

Buckley's now got a fast bunch of vicious kids around him who actually mark the ball every time he spears it towards them. It doesn't bounce off their chests anymore.

The wait was worth it. In fact, the wait makes it even sweeter. We can now truly celebrate last year's wooden spoon, as we watch those young Magpie draftees get stronger and more skilful by the week. All those tired cliches about "the rebuilding phase" are proving true.

A couple of weeks ago, Rohan Connolly wrote the article we've all been waiting five years to read. It focused on the Magpie rebuilding process coming to fruition and compared the current crop of players to the team Leigh Matthews rebuilt between 1987 and 1990.

Specifically, he wrote about the importance of Browny, McGuane, Monkhorst and Crosica and how they became the Collingwood Premiership nucleus within two years of getting to Victoria Park. Connolly compares this period to the bleeding of Adkins, Betheras, Lockyer, Tarrant and Kinnear over the last 12 months.

In the same article, Leigh Matthews talks about the 'cumulative effect' of a rebuilding team.

"It's usually a pretty standard formula," said Lethal. "A lot of things come together. Your blokes who are established are fit and playing OK, they get supplemented by some new talent. It gives the older blokes a boost, they help the younger blokes and the mid-ranked players start playing better too."

In our case, I've never known a team where the players fall so clearly into those four categories – 'established', 'younger', 'older' and 'mid-ranked' – and where you can sense the growing enthusiasm of every member.

Suddenly, I believe in them. Anthony Rocca takes the

mark 55 meters out, with 30 seconds to go, at the SCG and you KNOW you can put a small stroke under the 'G' column next to his name in the 'Footy Record'.

It's just another small slice of Magpie nirvana and these days they're coming thick and fast.



Now that Cobain is gone, Nirvana has a new meaning – beating up the Blues at the G.



The Spirit of '77

As Micky brings us in from the cold **Barry Coghlan** casts his mind back to the last Punt Road backman to coach the Pies and the legacy he left behind.

We've just won the wooden spoon, the ex-coach is a club icon who tried his best but failed.

We then draft a universally respected coach who has spent the last ten years enjoying finals action and premiership success at a club we hate. He's a tough ex-Richmond back pocket, who single-handedly turns Collingwood's fortunes around in a single pre-season.

No I'm not talking about Mick Malthouse in 2000, I'm talking about Tommy Hafey in 1976.

There are many similarities between Micky Malthouse and Tommy Hafey, similarities based around character and integrity that can account for our current success.

Tommy Hafey is often thought of as the teetotalling, super-fit old codger who made extra-small Adidas t-shirts a trademark.

I can only describe what it was like to be a Collingwood supporter during his tenure in the late 1970's as being like opera.

I don't mean 'Opera' as in the fat chick on daytime telly, I mean opera with fat people singing Italian on stage. Every week there was a new emotional journey, with unpredictable twists and turns in an ultimately tragic love story. It was a generation which learnt how to maintain perpetual hope. Every year there was hope, every year there was tragedy, every summer there was optimism, followed by more hope and

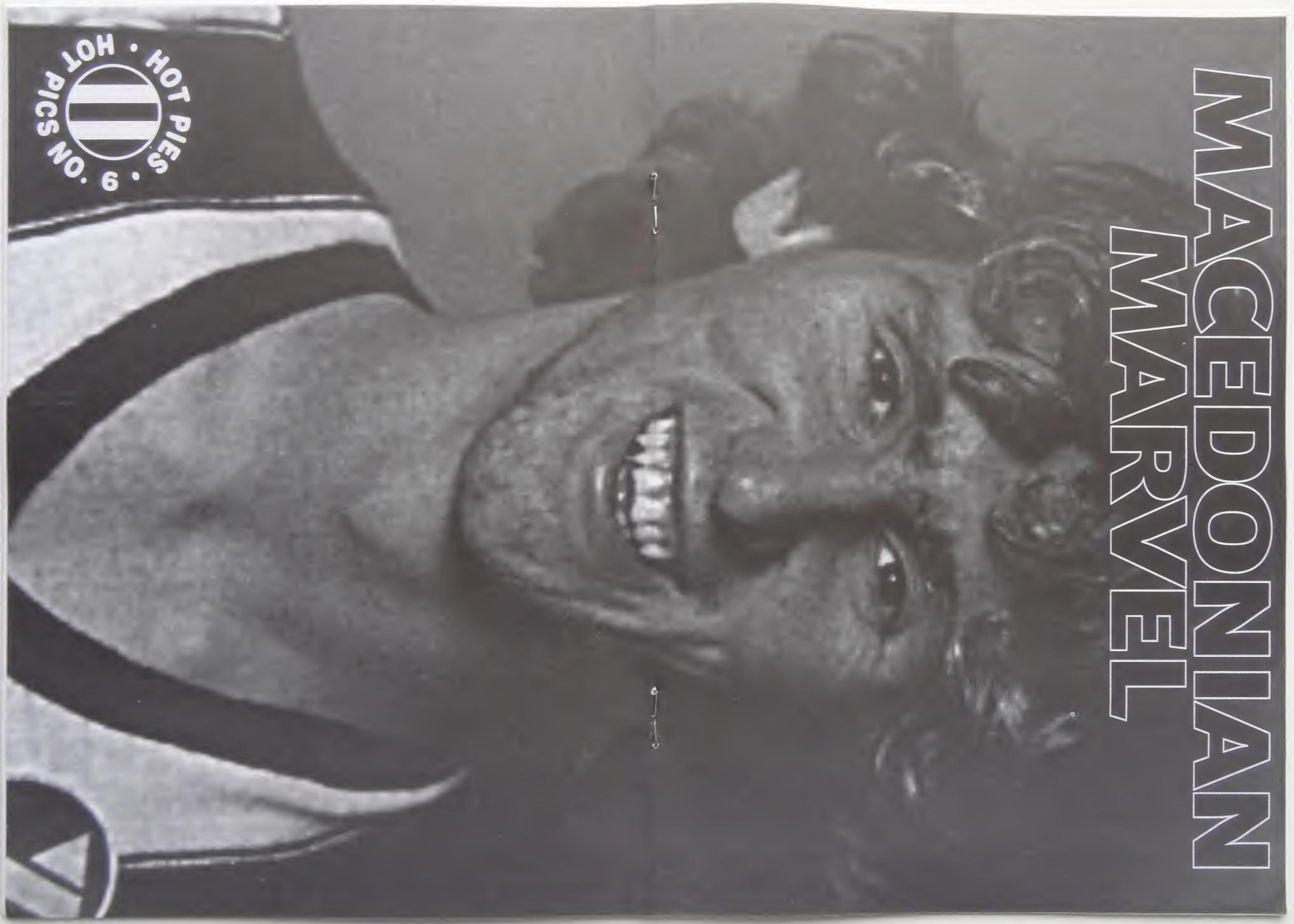
tragedy and so on and so on. They have a term for it, they call it 'folklore'.

It was a period where belittling Collingwood supporters every October was a pastime for every other supporter in the league. Yet through it all we found a common definition, 'that no matter what, we choose to be Collingwood supporters and we shall always be Collingwood supporters'. Most of us who were churned through this emotional washing machine are here today.

It was a period that fostered the kind of emotional intensity and commitment that is the secret behind us having the highest supporter base in the country. It over-rides continual underachievement for the past ten years and it's a fundamental behind why a person chooses to maintain their support for their club in the first place.

Now we have Micky at the helm, and a new generation is set to experience a new era. They call it 'on-going success'. With all the drama, suspense, exhilaration and at some stage tragedy that is set to come it seems fitting that we are being led there by an ex-Richmond back pocket.

As sure as I am that Nathan Buckley shall be remembered as a legend of the game, I'm equally as sure that Micky Malthouse shall attain the same position in history as Tommy Hafey: Collingwood Icon.



MACEDONIAN
MARVEL

HOT PICS NO. 6

MATCH REVIEWS

ROUND 1, MONDAY MARCH 13, MCG

Collingwood v Hawthorn

20.20-140 def 13.8-86

GOALS: A Rocca 4, Buckley 3, Johnson 3, Williams 2, Adkins 2,

Michael 2, O'Brien 1, Burns 1, Fraser 1, S Rocca 1

BEST: Buckley, Ukoic, O'Brien, A Rocca, Adkins, Lockyer

CROWD: 53,776

FOOTBALL WAS never meant to be played in searing heat like this.

It must have been at least 35 degrees at the MCG for Collingwood's Round 1 clash against the highly-touted Hawks. I remained quietly confident, though. I'd watched Collingwood several times at training and contrary to the system he employed at the West Coast, Y2Malty seemed to be employing a much freer and open game for Collingwood based less on "system" and more on "initiative". (He likes that word – "initiative").

The first surprises were Anthony "Pebbles" Rocca opening the Ruck, with Josh Fraser seconding. After the much publicised swap of Clinton King and Draft Pick Number 3 for Stephen McKee and the use of him and Brad "Loggy" Smith throughout the Pre-Season, I

don't think anybody expected these two to be our first Ruck choices.

But this is where the game was won. Paul Salmon seemed hardly capable of competing against a rejuvenated Pebbles and an enthusiastic Josh Fraser, with Sav also chipping in.

Complimenting this, the Hawks' defence seemed at a loss to combat the rotating Full-forward position, as well as Buckley and Williams switching on the Half-forward Flank. Hawthorn's much vaunted running players and "spine" were immediately overwhelmed by Collingwood's new-look running brigade, which swamped the ball in numbers and ran it out of the centre and defence irresistibly.

While Sav ended only with 1.3, his presence alone draws defenders and allowed many of the crumbers (bar Leon Davis, who was scragged by McCabe to the extent where Mickey Gayfer would have been proud) to run on the loose ball and into open space.

Add to this key-contributions from Pebbles (4.1) and Nathan Buckley (3.4) and the Hawks found it impossible to adequately match-up and were run out of the game from the First Bounce.

SLY – COLLINGWOOD RANT

The Crows kicked out to a 4 goal lead and I tore my Footy Record to pieces in frustration (my latest edition of Hot Pies was in bed at home, with a hot water bottle at its disposal). In the first fifteen minutes Adelaide looked an organised unit. Welsh kicked the opener after escaping the tentacles of Presti. He barely got another kick.

Marsh was dominating Kinnear, and I was worried. But I think anyone with doubts over Bugsy's ability was silenced with the coming of the second quarter, and his advent of a marking style so profoundly superlative that it will change the way we look at profoundly superlative marking styles.

ROUND 3, SUNDAY MARCH 26, MCG

Collingwood v Carlton

24.16-160 def 11.21-87

GOALS: S Rocca 6, O'Brien 3, Brown 3, Adkins 2, A Rocca 2, Orchard 1, Buckley 1, Burns 1, Licuria 1, N Davis 1, Kinnear 1, Johnson 1, Michael 1

BEST: Buckley, O'Brien, Williams, A Rocca, S Rocca, Lockyer

CROWD: 82,669

AFTER TWO resounding victories

Collingwood faced its toughest test so far, against the Navy Blue Circus, whose Head Clown's tricks include the amazing ability to smoke cigarettes and talk bullshit at the same time.

Fresh from his demolition job against Port Melbourne, Gavin Brown returned to the big-time, dominating the first quarter until injury forced his premature exit. By then, however, he had already sent the Pies well on their way to glory with his clever interaction with the Rocca brothers.

They were ably supported by Chris Tarrant who was playing like a man possessed. His contribution included a rapacious tackle on Sexton that resulted in a goal to Kinnear, an assertive shepherd that enabled Sav to set up

a Gavin Brown goal and a clever 1-2 play with Pebbles for another Rowdy goal.

Only abysmal umpiring was keeping Carlton in touch but even this wasn't enough in the second quarter. It was like watching a highlights package as Buckley sent a thumping 90 metre clearing kick that set up a goal for Orchard, Mal Michael capped off a miracle mark with a goal, and the two Rocca's took turns kicking goals. O'Brien got more touches than Shirley Temple at a paedophile's convention.

In the third quarter Collingwood simply made Carlton look stupid. Tarrant blundered by ignoring a lead from Buckley but still had time to find Sav for a goal. (goodbye, Carlton) Two minutes later, another sensational Tarrant mark found Sav for another goal. (and good riddance) Then Pebbles missed after taking a screamer. (drag him!) Before you knew it we were 12 goals up and the rest was a formality.

Not all good news, though. Mal Michael was carried off on a stretcher early in the 3rd quarter.

It's a pity there were no Carlton supporters left by the end of the match. No strutting arrogance? No Lily of Laguna?

Suffer, blue scum, suffer.

ALF ANDREWS

"It was a game of two halves", said Micky afterwards. A frank observation, and one in tune with the notion that anything 'whole' – a pumpkin pie, for example – is comprised of two halves.

But the second half was Sav's half. He was left on the ground – startling, in light of Shawry's tactics last year – and booted 5, including the sealer, in the frenetic last quarter.

Player of the game (apart from Bucks):

Tarks. His tenacity across half-back was unsurpassed. One courageous mark in particular had Gary Lyon secreting fluids in the 3AW box.

FOXY

ROUND 2, SUNDAY MARCH 19, MCG

Collingwood v Adelaide

14.19-103 def 13.14-92

GOALS: Williams 5, S Rocca 5, Buckley 3, Michael 1

BEST: Buckley, Lockyer, Williams, S Rocca, Adkins, Licuria

CROWD: 33,076

BEFORE THE match, us supporters seemed pretty sedate – maybe we were entranced by the wistful chords of The 3 Tenors. It took until midway through the first quarter for the Magpie Army to initiate a verbal assault.

ROUND 4, SUNDAY APRIL 1, SCG

Collingwood v Sydney

15.16-106 def 15.11-101

GOALS: Tarrant 4, A Rocca 3, Williams 2, Orchard 1, Freeborn 1, O'Brien 1, Curra 1, S Rocca 1, Adkins 1.

BEST: Williams, Burns, Tarrant, Lockyer, O'Brien, Prestigiacomo

CROWD: 35,886

THIS GAME was very similar to the classic Sylvester Stallone movie, 'Over The Top', for those of you lucky enough to have never seen it, it was a movie about professional arm wrestling, and that's exactly what this game was.

No more than two goals in it all day, with a lead change every two minutes.

Rupert Betheras played a blinder as he was partially blinded.

Goodes wasn't and O'Loughlin was O'Laughlin

stock. Chris Tarrant again showed that Eddie's beer and sausage revival was worthwhile.

Sav played the role of the third runner, he was on and off the ground so much, but the mark and run-on goal he kicked in the third was a team-lifting beauty.

What was most impressive was that period in the third where we got our backsides whipped that the young 'uns didn't panic but pulled the game plan back into shape thanks mainly to the lone hands of Tarrant, Tarkyn and Tetheras.

Another great highlight was seeing the fat bloke from Sydney try and look impartial while the tears welled up in his eyes on the boundary line.

As for that 100 kilo of pulsating Italian muscle and that goal, well there is only one thing I can say ... hang on no there isn't, I'm still speechless.

JT

I think Terry Wallace slipped the Doggies some 'juice' in the half-time break as they clawed their way back after half time.

Some ex-Collingwood rejects started getting some touches and despite a Damien Adkins comedic improv. late in the third, they got on top.

Enter one Nathan Buckley, with twenty four kick and 69 handballs in the last quarter Nathan set up a stirring fight-back which was superbly complimented by an Anthony Rocca game winning sealer.

Post Script: What's the story with the Anthony Rocca suspension, what an absolute load of shit, or can't you contest a mark anymore, yeah maybe a free kick, perhaps even a fifty, but two weeks.

Whilst Sav develops more brain damage each week from Full Back rabbit punches, they pick out a glance over the top of the head and pretend there is a moral conspiracy involved. Well there is a conspiracy involved, and it's anything but moral.

JT

ROUND 5, FRIDAY APRIL 7, DOCKLANDS

Collingwood v Footscray

17.16-118 def 16.14-110

GOALS: S Rocca 3, Williams 3, Buckley 3, A Rocca 2, Adkins 1, Burns 1, N Davis 1, Freeborn 1, Richardson 1, Wasley 1.

BEST: Richardson, Buckley, Williams, O'Brien, A Rocca, Burns, Curra

CROWD: 45,141

THIS WAS the night that Collingwood lost its Colonial virginity, and the AFL are still beaming about it. Those dirty scratching nagging and tagging Bulldogs were left in our wake in the first half.

Willo was bedazzling under the dodgey lights, Tarrant had more options than a Chippendale at a Hens night and if you didn't dob em' from fifty, then you weren't one of the boys.

We went into the half time break five goals up, but most supporters were still confused, 'How come you could buy UDL's but they only served light'.

Whilst Sav develops more brain damage each week from Full Back rabbit punches, they pick out a glance over the top of the head and pretend there is a moral conspiracy involved. Well there is a conspiracy involved, and it's anything but moral.

JT

MATCH PREVIEWS

ROUND 7, TUESDAY APRIL 25, MCG

Collingwood v Essendon

WE ALL know how Essendon perform in big games (re:1999 Preliminary Final) and make no mistake this is the Grand Final preview. Chris Tarrant will make the game his own as he exposes the most over-rated defence in the competition. When the siren sounds 90,000 people will be cheering a Collingwood victory as all those fickle 'bandwagon' Essendon supporters jump ship and support the only team who look like Premiership material.

Prediction: Dean "Herschelle Gibbs" Wallis will get three weeks for striking Gary Moorcroft. Collingwood by 33 points.

ROUND 8, MONDAY MAY 1, DOCKLANDS

Collingwood v Fremantle

MY MOTHER always told me that if I didn't have anything nice to say then don't say anything at all. With that in mind just let me say that when Micky changes all the backs into forwards and the forwards into backs it may be a sign that we are travelling alright.

Prediction: You'll put down the glasses and reach for the record books. Collingwood by 228 points.

ROUND 9, SUNDAY MAY 7, GABBA

Collingwood v Brisbane

WE OWE these bastards for what they did to us at Round 22 last year. We will single handedly put an end to any thoughts that they are a decent team. Between the Fatboy and Mr Sleepyhead Brisbane will struggle to kick a winning score against our boys in this encounter.

Prediction: Anthony will break a leg, but it won't be his own. The pies by 80.

ROUND 10, SATURDAY MAY 13, MCG

Collingwood v Richmond

COME ROUND 10 they might be saying "No Richo, No Chance" but they will definitely be referring to the Magpies tower of strength, Mark and not the Tigers injury prone forward. The Tigers are the league's greatest under-achievers and are currently going through a rebuilding stage of their own (only problem is that they have been rebuilding for 18 years). Richmond has a similar blend of old faithfulls and young hopefuls, their only demise is their bunch useless never-will-be's that occupy most of their side. With Richo sidelined as well as Cameron, Knights, Daffy, Campbell, Gale, Ottens and Gaspar the Tiger Army will still think they can win.

Prediction: The story of the Mother's Day Massacre will be rewritten as the Woods romp home by 5 goals.

ROUND 11, SUNDAY MAY 21, DOCKLANDS

Collingwood v Eagles

THIS IS due to be a sentimental journey for both teams as Micky reacquaints himself with his former team. We can expect a return to the same kind of fondness that Micky shows towards Footscray sledges, suspensions and all. I hope West Coast play in those ridiculous away jumpers, it's about time they looked as stupid and vomit ridden as they truly are. The too old and too slow Matera combination will be exposed as we get away with playing Richo on both of them to free up Rupert to kick twelve from a forward pocket.

Prediction: Richo gets B.O.G., an O.B.E. and goes to Q.B.H. afterwards. Collingwood by 62 points.

Codswallop

In a new column that may or may not be seen in the fullness of time Hot Pies takes a haymaker at some of the crap that is spouted in the media and pubs of Melbourne and then proceeds to hand out a few squirrel grips of its own.

Media Tosser of the Month

Malcolm Blight

The prodigal media son, Malcolm Blight, has returned from whatever evil place he has been for the last four or five years to inflict on us his own brand of wisdom.

Speaking of wisdom it has been common for folk to reflect on Blight's previous tenure as a media commentator in glowing terms but either memory is a tricky thing or there is something in the water in Adelaide other than the pure and unadulterated crap that they put in there to begin with.

For Malcolm has become one great big pain in the arse. His special comments are 99 percent negative and his criticism rarely constructive.

My grandma, who incidentally has never played in or coached a premiership team but has been to a zillion games and now watches a million more on telly, made some special comments of her own the other day.

She declared herself as another disillusioned and disenfranchised footy fan due to the fact that she has got no idea what is going on when Malcolm, Bruce and their other useless mates forget to do what they're paid for – commentate the game – and proceed to crap on interminably about tactics, the one-percenters and all sorts of sewage.

Nanna don't care for it and nor do I. It's complete bollocks. Commentate the game, inform on



what's physically happening out there and leave the crapping on for half-time while Nanna is up putting the kettle on or for late night low-rating self-indulgent tv programmes.

As for his article in The Age (23/3) on installing a "Fourth Umpire" to rectify bad decisions we can only suggest he lay off the hydroponics for a while. He cited two examples of marks not paid – to Colbert in a final against Adelaide (mind you, very insensitive to bring up that incident at all in Melbourne) and one by Schwarz this year which may have affected results. Who says? And so friggin what anyway? The game isn't all black and white (altho there are arguments that it should be) and as we all know from seeing stuff thru one eye there is a large

degree of subjectivity in umpiring. Games are not decided on one decision, Malcolm.

Is this Fourth Umpire going to adjudicate on every subtle tug of the jumper, over the shoulder, illegally disposed handball and all the rest – therefore stopping the game approximately every 10 seconds.

Perhaps they should appoint a panel of, let's say, seven Fourth Umpires and have a freakin democratic vote on each issue.

With nothing to do except argue about umpiring decisions for five minutes every 15 seconds of play there'll be more blues in the crowd than the Kop saw in a lifetime.

Football, if I aint mistaken, is about putting your head down, getting the ball and kicking it. Stick that in your pipe, Malcolm, it might do you a lot more good than the trip you're on at the moment.

Josè Josè Josè

A mass murderer in Pakistan has been sentenced to be publicly strangled, mutilated into 100 pieces and then dissolved in a vat of acid. Harsh but seemingly not all that unfair considering he did in 100 wee kiddies.

Personally I think they should dip, chop and then throttle but that's just me.

That's why I also think Jose Romero should be publicly scratched in front of 30,000 opposition fans and then paraded nude around the boundary so he can hear what the fans really think of scratchers.

Think about it.

Imagine seeing Liberatore getting the squirrel and then eye-gouged in the middle of the G with close-up vision on both big screens.

You could even line-up all the mongrels in the league and then inflict their individual penalties on Grand Final day as part of the pre-game entertainment.

You could get Brian Collis to deliver high floating hospital passes to Mick Martyn and then get Sav to come from behind and thump him in the head for at least half an hour before I'd get bored.

But back to Romero. He cut a sad figure after being found guilty at the tribunal but who could seriously feel any sympathy at all for a convicted scratcher.

And what of the ever-pompous self-righteous media fag-hag Wallace. If this isn't the greatest indictment on him as coach then I don't know what is. That he condones, either directly, by his apparent inaction or simply by the fact that his players behave like this time and again, year after year is disgusting. If I was coach I wouldn't have bludgers like them in my team.

While on the tribunal, how on earth did Pebbles get two weeks for patting that Bulldogs fella on the head. Fraser Brown, convicted tax cheat, gets four weeks for a pre-meditated fore-arm jab to the jaw that goes within a bee's dick of putting the guy out for months after visiting the tribunal every one of the last four years on striking charges and every other week for wrasslin'.

Personally I think the tribunal should have given Pebs' advocates two weeks for running with that stoopid story about being blinded by the Colonial lights – even if it was true.

Summer footy

And tell me one thing wrong with playing footy in 40 degree heat.

The only thing that was screwed up was Herr Jackson's inability to promote himself out of a paper bag.

Summer footy is brilliant if you ask us. All it needed was a little preparation and a push alongin the right direction with a marketing campaign and you would have had massive crowds, positive media exposure and a chance to convert a whole new range of football follower.

Drinking beer on a hot day would make a lot more sense for one and as the Four'n'Twentys were made to be eaten cold there doesn't seem to be any problem there.

But we're thinking more of the on-field action. Primarily we're thinking bikini-clad boundary umpires and strippers for goal umpires who instead of waving those little white flags could take of an article of clothing every time somebody scores. One article for a point and two for a goal . . . maybe six articles for a goal – but we'll let the marketing gurus work that one out.

And not to leave the ladies out of the optic nerve action we could get the fellas to wear the sort of garb the triathletes get around in. One of those crop-top singlets and a skull cap in club colours and you'd only have to write their numbers all over their body with a big fat texta.

Look this is something that we've obviously thought up in about five minutes flat. Imagine what the league could do if they put their massive resources behind it.

the playing list



2	Mark Orchard	02/04/76	172cm	72kg	68games
3	Mark Richardson	31/10/72	193	93	101
5	Nathan Buckley	26/07/72	186	91	142
6	Stephen Patterson	04/01/71	175	72	95
7	Michael Gardiner	22/03/78	197	92	1
8	Ricky Olarenshaw	01/02/73	182	80	82
9	Glenn Freeborn	06/02/73	180	77	77
10	Paul Williams	03/04/73	177	81	168
11	Shane O'Bree	/79	183	80	19
12	Steve McKee	78	198	97	20
13	Craig Jacotine	21/06/80	177	76	14
14	Shane Watson	17/02/74	185	80	133
15	Bradley Smith	07/07/77	201	102	0
16	James Wasley	19/07/79	183	78	13
17	Scott Burns	23/12/74	178	75	85
18	Paul Licuria	07/02/73	197	97	23
19	Nick Davis	30/03/80	182	76	5
20	Chris Tarrant	18/12/80	191	82	24
21	Brent Tuckey	27/08/79	191	83	10
22	Rhyce Shaw	/71	181	69	0
23	Anthony Rocca	15/08/77	193	102	78
24	Tarkyn Lockyer	30/10/77	176	76	15
25	Josh Fraser	1972	202	88	0
26	Gavin Brown	25/09/67	183	84	239
27	Andrew Ukovic	23/11/78	187	75	19
28	Gavin Crossisca	15/09/68	188	89	242
29	Michael Clark	31/3/78	192	86	1
30	Ben Kinnear	27/02/79	192	88	12
31	Ben Johnson	5/4/81	180	79	0
33	Tyson Lane	25/08/76	179	84	39
34	Brad Oborne	19/06/80	183	72	4
35	Simon Prestigiacomo	31/01/78	189	86	48
36	Saverio Rocca	20/11/73	194	106	144
37	Jeremy Sharpen (rookie)	22/3/76	194	90	0
38	Dale Baynes	29/11/80	189	92	0
32	Nick Stone	1/10/81	191	88	0
39	Danny Roach	6/1/82	187	78	0
40	Leon Davis	17/6/81	178	70	0
41	Damien Adkins	9/03/81	178	66	0
43	Damien Lyon (rookie)	24/6/81	183	84	0
44	Heath Scotland	21/07/80	181	76	12
45	Simon Hawking	5/3/73	192	88	60
47	Leigh Sheehan (rookie)	28/1/81	178	74	0
48	Mal Michael	24/06/77	189	94	46
49	Rupert Betheras	23/11/75	181	86	16

BACK TO BASICS

The famous Mick Malthouse credo of having a solid defence to base your side around is becoming a reality in season 2000.

The weekly heroics of our defence is providing a springboard for our current success.

It's all quite simple, it's just some well applied 'bread and butter' defensive techniques performed by a solid core of defenders whose roles compliment one another.

For the first time in a long time the defence is picking itself at selection each week.

The icing on the cake of this development is the fact that the more games they play together the better they are going to be.

At the nucleus is Scotty Burns.

He is without doubt the heart and soul of the backline.

Whether it's his second, third or fourth efforts, his great skills and confidence under extreme pressure or his ability to create from impossible situations, he is the general of the defensive army.

It's a shame that we can't use the cliche' "rejuvenated" to describe the form and application of Simon Prestigiacomo this year, as he has never played as well as he is now.

He is fulfilling the defenders edict, "It doesn't matter if you don't get a kick as long as your opponent doesn't get one against you".

His hand-eye coordination is a natural talent being used to its maximum value at full back.

A lot is expected from you when you're

recruited as a gun 17 year-old and his glandular fever took a lot out of him.

But now to his credit and the credit of the match committee that showed faith in him, he is sticking it to his critics in the best possible way.

He looks like a schoolboy, but he plays like a man. Tarkyn Lockyer is unlike any other player in the competition.

He can do the kamikaze daredevil one minute and the deft 'look-away' short pass the next.

It's amazing to think of how few games he has played as he shows polish and poise well beyond his years.

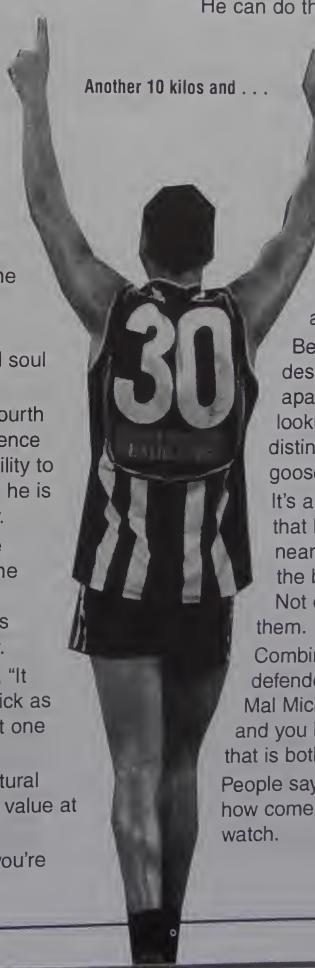
As is a sign of any great defence he seems to have an intrinsic knowledge of where his teammates are at all times and how best to get support from those around him.

Ben Kinnear, perhaps could best be described as a short Dustin Fletcher apart from the fact that he is better looking and will finish with a more distinguished career than that Essendon goose.

It's a tribute to his skills and character that he is out-bulked by his opponent nearly ever week and plays on some of the biggest names in the competition. Not only does he do this he is beating them.

Combine this core with a fleet of cameo defenders like Mark Orchard, Paul Licuria, Mal Michael, Glenn Freeborn and Richo and you have the keys to a defensive unit that is both solid and versatile.

People say defensive football is boring but how come our defence is so exciting to watch.



HOT PIES

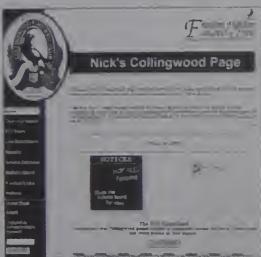
WW Woods.com

The weird and wonderful world of magpie fan sites

This month we're taking you into the growing world of websites devoted to the supporters of the Collingwood Football Club. That's right, to the grassroots of football. The ones that keep the turnstiles clicking and the cash registers ringing. Only problem here is that they're totally free, which is interesting in the light of certain presidents claiming the internet as the financial saviour of football.

Nick's Collingwood Home Page

<http://www.magpies.org.au/nick/>



Nick's Collingwood Home Page is not quite as imaginatively named as the other Magpie fan sites and one suspects that Nick aint as old as he makes out (if he is, it makes this site even more impressive) but this site is the cream of the crop. Where the other sites may excell in certain parts Nick's site is the dog's bollocks all the way through. Nick has an extremely thorough bulletin board which sectionalises all the topics for debate or conversation and although I find it a bit over-the-top it looks impressive. My personal favourite is the guestbook which gets some classic contributions. They're short, sweet and nearly always rabid. Good hearty winter reading. But if it's the stats you're after or player information then not even the official site comes within a country mile of the detail and thoroughness of Nick's site. It's trainspotters heaven all the way back to 1897. Nick also does live score updates on games which is brilliant for fans out of range of radio and tv broadcasts. Nick (or somebody else) is also responsible for the Collingwood Supporters Centre. Now I don't know what the proper terminology is but basically it's a gateway page to a lot of the Magpie fan sites such as the ones reviewed on these pages (and also a Hot Pies website which is pretty basic but is only intended to give out the basic information on the mag). So if you go to magpies.org.au you'll find easy links to all the sites. It's a great service not to mention very magnanimous. And all of this done out of Tassie.

HOT PIES RATING ★★★★

The Collingwood Rant

<http://www.angelfire.com/oh2/Collwood/>

As with EB&W, the choice of background for the home page is dubious to say the least but The Collingwood Rant does not make any grandiose assertions. Essentially it is a bunch of mates publicly broadcasting their homespun and very one-eyed opinions on the Greatest Club in the Greatest Game in the world. This is fan site heaven. Self-indulgent, irresponsible, biased but at the same time informed and occasionally articulate. The Unofficial Ranting Board doesn't quite work in the same shorthand way that a bulletin board works and doesn't have quite the same intimacy or immediacy of a bulletin board. It's more of a speakers corner situation. It is one of the better ones and worth a stop. It doesn't have a lot of variable content but nonetheless you should bookmark it and go back at least every week to catch any updates. What does piss me off about the site is the extremely annoying angelfire advertisements. They're freakin annoying and I recommend the Ranters invest in something else.

HOT PIES RATING ★★★



The Buckley Surfers

<http://www.geocities.com/buckleysurfers/>

The Buckley Surfers are made up of Driver, Felipe and Toris. This is a fan site in the true sense of the term. Dedicated solely to the great man himself – Nathan. It began last November and has the usual ravings of mad Collingwood fans as well as a good section on the stats of Bucks. It's got a lovely new home page which I recommend dumping down and using as a screen saver – it's an absolute work of art. It has the usual stuff like a Links section and other bits like "Surfers Say" which is good ol' pub bollocks. This is another site that puts out match reports and another that I highly recommend. One of the first things I want to do the morning after a game is buy the paper and read about it. Strange, cos I was there and I saw it all unfold but I figure that there may have been something I missed or there might be another interpretation on how somebody played. Something to do with habit. This is where sites like this are invaluable (not to mention cheaper than the paper). Not only for their perspective but for the fact that the perspective is Collingwood. They also often beat the next morning's review by uploading their round-up straight after the game. So make this site part of your Monday morning routine.

HOT PIES RATING ★★★



Extreme Black & White

<http://www.alphalink.com.au/~hotrod/extreme.html>

A funny thing happened on the EB&W site the other day. A fan posted a message on the Bullet In Board urging other fans to use the Club's chat room as a show of support for the Club's new site. Apart from the fact that navigating one's way to the official CFC chat room involves signing one's life away to F2, (Fairfax's site) not to mention half a bloody hour, the EB&W Bullet In Board is easily the best Collingwood chat room around. And definitely the major attraction of this site. As somebody cryptically responded: why eat take-away when you can enjoy home cooked meals? Obviously the request emanated from the geniuses at CFC Marketing Inc. Personally I preferred the elephants. But seriously, this site, run by the mysterious Hotrod, is a corker. It was begun in the non-football season during the summer of 98/99 and since then the content hasn't changed a great deal and while last year was a tad slow, the participation rate has boomed in the last six months. While one can wander around the site viewing some of Hotrod's black and white-inspired art (well worth a look), the real action happens on the bulletin board. There's a bunch of

regulars who post their thoughts and while one can just sit back and read for hours on end it's pretty easy to come in on the shout late. The omnipresent Hotrod contributes regularly, there's plenty of gossip and inside info and there are the diehards that attend training and report back on happenings on the track. There's even a bit of Premier League banter. Hotrod's match reports are also ballteasers. They should be essential Monday morning fare for any online Magpie fan as they are the best rundown of the games you will read anywhere. It is from here that one can find the origin of a lot of the current crop of player nicknames like Rogan and Neon. (Hot Pies would, however, like to kindly thank MMM and AW for accrediting us with creating these names) The only criticism I have of the site is the inordinate amount of time it takes to download Hotrod's great cartoons. Somebody out there should do the boy a favour and shrink 'em for him.

HOT PIES RATING ★★★★

We will continue this column
next edition with another
couple of Magpie fan sites.

HOT PIES

footyscopes

Now that we are winning opposition supporters will try anything to find some solace. For those opposition supporters an AFL officials who are turning to astrology for some answers you will be sure to find them here. by Evo the Devo

AQUARIUS

January 21 – February 19
You have an inventive mind and mislead others into believing you are a dynamic footballer, but really you just lie. You make the same mistakes repeatedly because you are stupid. Everyone thinks you are a total jerk, even your mother. Your ambition in life is to buy a caravan and travel the world with Lillian Frank.



PISCES

February 20 – March 19
You have a vivid imagination just like when Paul Salmon thinks he deserves a BOG. You have a minor influence on your team mates who resent having to be seen with you on or off the ground. You lack confidence and are a general loser. Pisces make terrible social workers.



PISCES

ARIES

March 20 – April 18
You are a classically repressed person, like St. Kilda supporters who took over every minor



abrasion. You do nothing but piss off everyone you come in contact with and are notorious for punching out your loved ones. You are basically a waste of sperm and space.

TAURUS

April 10 – May 19
You are non practical and impatient. You have to have a persistent determination because you never get anything right the first time.



TAURUS

You want to be just like John Elliot and fantasise about him naked and smoking constantly. You are a total wanker who smells like a brewery.

GEMINI

May 20 – June 20
You are a product of inbreeding and players don't like you because you're a bisexual double adaptor.



GEMINI

You scare the hell out of your team mates in the showers with your "look I've got a vagina" routine. You all look the butt ugly same and your probably related to the Daniher's.

CANCER

June 21 – July 21

You are a constant bore and force your way into peoples lives in the same way as a



CANCER

malignant cancer. You are inclined to expect too much for too little, which means you are a cheap tight arse. You get off sexually on fare evasion and most Cancer's die at a young age from mishaps involving Transit Police.

LEO

July 22 – August 22
You consider yourself a born leader, but you are really a power tripping bully. Most people hate



LEO

the site of you. You emit foul odours from every possible orifice and believe Tim Watson is going to come good. You prefer to use public toilets above the privacy of your home bowl. This stems from your time in prison where everyone is a Leo.

VIRGO

August 23 – September 21
You have been alone for so long that you believe



VIRGO

you're in a relationship with your hand. Your sickening. Your team mates snigger about you behind your back, just like James Hird. You are known for falling asleep whilst having sex. Virgo's make bad bus driver's but good T.A.C. statistics.

LIBRA

September 21 – October 22

You think you're the artistic type but really you produce talentless crap, just like Hawthorn. You shop in Glenferrie Rd and pay ridiculous prices for sweat shop clothes. You constantly fight the urge to pee in shampoo bottles on footy trips. You have a difficult time wearing underpants as most Libras suffer from Venereal disease.



LIBRA

Scorpios are the worst sign in the zodiac. You are so shrewd in business that no one trusts you. Your total lack of ethical conduct is straight from the Terry Wallace playbook. You're a son or daughter of a bitch. If you were going to give the zodiac an enema, you'd stick the hose straight into Scorpio.

SCORPIO

October 23 – November 21
Scorpios are the worst sign in the zodiac. You are



SCORPIO

so shrewd in business that no one trusts you. Your total lack of ethical conduct is straight from the Terry Wallace playbook. You're a son or daughter of a bitch. If you were going to give the zodiac an enema, you'd stick the hose straight into Scorpio.

SAGITTARIUS

November 22 – December 20
You rely on luck since you have no talent and blame others for your mistakes. You are afraid to take risks and desire to hang

out of or with Andrew Dunkley. Most Sagittarius's end up on welfare for the rest of their drunken fibro housed lives, unless they get a job on the AFL Commission first.

CAPRICORN

December 21 – January 20

You are insane and everybody knows it except for you, and your colleagues in the media.



CAPRICORN

The only way you get laid is with the company Visa Card. You continue to believe the whores you visit love you. You think you have made a difference in the world but the only tangible difference you have ever made is that you've paid off whores' mortgages sooner.

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Puzzle Page

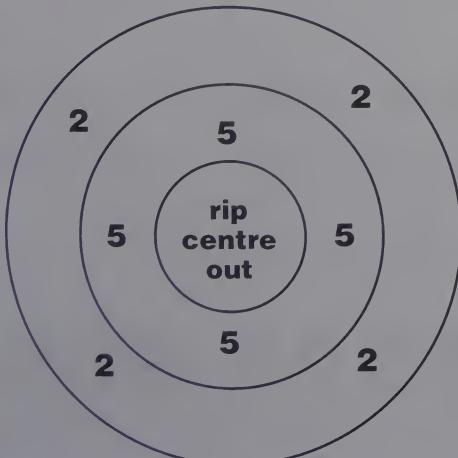
EDDIE'S CLICHÈ BINGO MATCH&WIN

Next time you see Eddie's familiar noggin on the telly get your bingo card out and mark off the clichès as they come out thick and fast. Cross off any row, ring the Club and scream "Bingo" down the line.

a bit of horsepower	proud to announce	drawing a line in the sand	only the best for collingwood		we're sick of subsidising the league
bucks has resigned			have a crack	at the top end of town	transparency
	in the fullness of time	it takes a team like collingwood		internet this internet that	

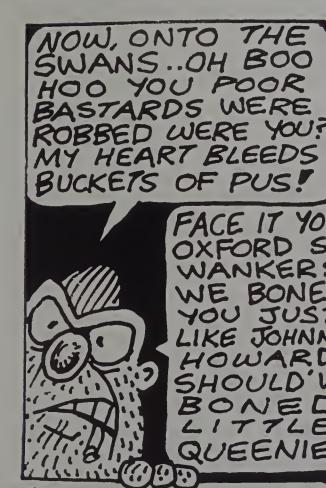
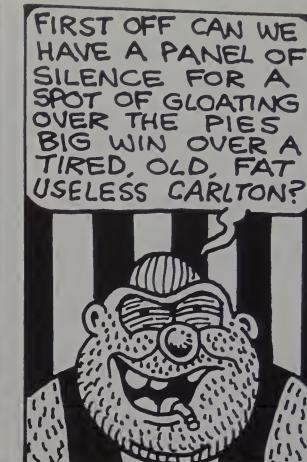
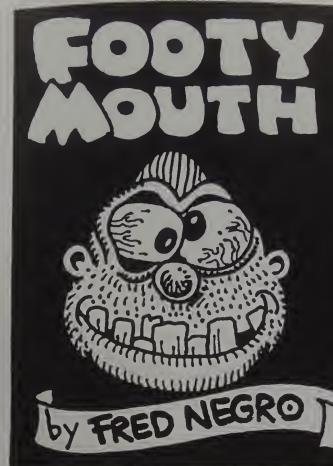
laptop handball

1. Tear hole from centre circle.
2. Roll torn paper into a ball
3. Try to drop paper ball through hole
4. Five shots with each hand
5. Top score wins



"I never gave a handball in over 400 games, but that shoudn't stop you."

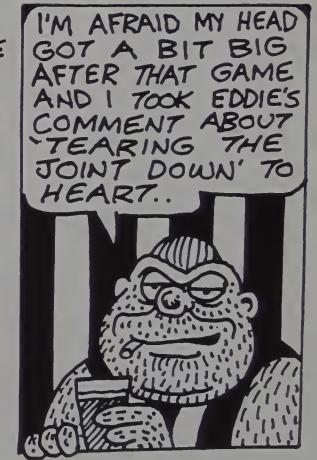
Hungry



FACE IT YOU OXFORD ST. WANKERS WE BONED YOU JUST LIKE JOHNNY HOWARD SHOULD'VE BONED LITTLE QUEENIE!



ME AND A BUNCH OF MATES WENT UP TO SYDNEY. AFTER THE GAME WE PAINTED THE TOWN BLACK AND WHITE (LOOKING GREAT IN OUR NEW RUPERT BETHERIS HEADGEAR)



WHEN I GOT BACK TO MELBOURNE I WAS A BIT OF A SIGHT WITH MY HARBOUR BRIDGE BRACES AND OPERA HOUSE HAT....



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CONCESSION ENTRY

2

NO CONCESSION

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